

24<sup>th</sup> April 1916.

Attingham House

Rodmell

Easter Monday

Leicester,

My Violet,

Here we are sitting with open windows looking into the meadow in which a lamb has just died. We have been crawling about the downs, but we haven't found any plover's nests — Kena has, but I thought only trained farmers knew where to look for them. It has been most lovely here, & I wish you would appear swinging over the gate with a dog. We have got a very much overworked banister staying with us, a Lytton Strachey, & they moan & growl over the newspapers all day long. Do make things worse, our meat supply has run out, because they eat such an enormous amount, & the spring chickens are only as big as thrushes, so

today we've got to starve, & Leonard's two  
sisters may turn up at any moment,  
& so we've got to knock up a  
village shop two miles off - We  
are strewn with fallen trees, which  
L. chops up for the fire, but the  
garden, such as it was, is ruined.  
Plants are very odd things. Bulbs I planted  
3 years ago suddenly come up in odd  
corners, & tulips with gigantic heads on  
very short stalks.

NYPL

We come back again next week -  
& perhaps you will ask me to tea, or I  
shall ask you, & then we might  
gossip about our youth - Mena  
is trying to breed rabbits, but discovered  
after buying that they are all varieties of  
the male sex!

Yr Sp.

Leonard says he would like to see you  
again.

Hogarth House

Richmond.

May 26<sup>th</sup> 1916.

My Violet,

I was much amused to hear of your meeting with Mr Chamberlain. She was very attractive when I last saw her, much nicer than Horace Cole, her brother. But I see occasionally that she has had another child, & I suppose being a Chamberlain is pretty stodgy.

Enjoy your nightingales - We get them sometimes at Ashham. This afternoon we're got to go & see Aunt Mary Fisher. Doesn't it take one back to Hyde Park Gate day? She always gives L. a book of old photographs to look at, & half keeps him in the Hall.

Did you know old Samuel Butler? I have got to write about him. I wish I'd known him - O & by the way, I'm told that you produced your life of your Aunt or Grandmother, & made a tremendous success. Please lend me a copy - Nothing is quite so nice as old family letters.

Yr Sp.

Godrevy

Carbis Bay

Cornwall.

My dearest,

We have been moving about from  
one lodging to another. It's amazing  
weather here, we're just back to some  
races, in the middle of the hills.  
As to Nina Lamb, I think she is by  
this time a professional mistress.  
She has lived with various people -  
Last time I saw her the way in  
company with a little creature  
Adrian used to know - but I heard  
the other day that she had taken a  
house at Hamlet Smith. I was  
living with some one else.  
believe she's rather nice a pretty -  
but without any morals - She  
began life as in Manchester - he

mother being apparently in the same line of  
life. She had a little money of her own,  
& she used to wander about London &  
Manchester (where a club was formed to  
protect her virtue) until she became St-Lambert's  
mistress. Then his wife. They separated  
soon after that, & when we were in Paris  
a year or two after war she was a well known  
character. However, I don't think their  
wanting, & she certainly was amazingly  
pretty. I think she moves from person to  
person - I could write pages of her  
adventures, because she used to appear at  
intervals with amazing stories & her doings,  
which were partly invented, but I think  
she was very attractive to a good many  
people.

J. W. W.  
We go back to Ashham on the 1<sup>st</sup>.

13,  
Cliffords Inn,  
Fleet Street,  
E.C.

My Violet

We shall like to dine with you  
on Tuesday very much - &  
not dress, & not meet anyone.  
Leonard sends his love -

Yours  
J. W.

Hogarth House,  
Paradise Road,  
Richmond.

Sunday, July 19<sup>th</sup> 1917.

My Violet,

I have been meaning to ask whether I  
might come to tea one day; also I have  
been meaning to thank you for the  
fur boots, which I am still wearing —  
the third winter I think — they're  
quite unapproachable. As our  
Coal gave out the other day, they were  
my chief support for a week.  
How are you? Are you writing (as is  
rumoured) a History of the Eden  
family since the Fall? I suppose  
you have been charged with all the  
horrors of the death of Lord Cromer.  
arranging everything — If you are in  
London I hope I may see you. We  
have been at Ashham, where the entire  
garden has been crushed out by fallen  
trees, & we have to start all over again.  
Nessa is settled about 4 miles off, & has  
adopted two small girls. Aunt Mary (did you  
see) was run over by a taxicab. <sup>let me know</sup> some afternoon  
when you will  
Yr Lp: be in.